

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1874.

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PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

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JUNE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

Come and watch the morning break
Across the misty river!
Every ridge and's awake,
And every wave a-simmer!

Underneath the bending sky
A thousand voices sing,
Every peacock's voice,
And every thing rejoices!

Garden herbs their perfume shed,
The blossoms fall a-yelling;
Purple leaves blush rosy red,
And harvest peans grow yellow.

What a day within the pines!
The noisy crows are keeping!
Nods the grain in wavy lines,
Breeze ripe enough for reaping!

By the cherry trees is heard
A red and crimson dripping;
In the vines the hummin' bird
Keeps up his tiresome piping.

Brightly falls the morning light,
Softly falls the dew of even,
Silently the balmy night
Shuts the gates of Heaven!

THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE;"
"A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;" "BAF-
FLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;"
"THE WRONGED HEIRESS;"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE MILL.

Click-clack, click-clack, rattled the noisy looms, from one end of the great mill to the other, chanting their old but never-varying song.

A little stir in the vestibule; the murmur of gay voices, and the sound of low laughter; then a waft of perfume stole in, and all at once Bernice Vance, from her stand at the opposite window, drew back behind her loom, quivering and palpitating.

"Some visitors from the city," she thought, with quickening pulses.

Ah, how pleasant to her ears sounded the low, refined speech; the softly-modulated tones, and the rustle of silk draperies, audible even in that noisy place. It was like hearing "Sweet Home" in a foreign land.

But she did not look up. If she had seen Mr. Lasalle, the wealthy mill-owner, and a train of aristocratic friends, whom he was piloting over his little kingdom.

Foremost among them came Jasper Layton, tall, strong, nonchalant, a trifle haughty, so handsome and winning, when he cared to be, that women compared him to a Greek god, and raved over his perfect face and high-bred manners, as they would have done over a beautiful picture or statue.

Dora Raymond walked beside him, bright as a dream of heaven in her charming toilet of sweeping silk and lace, above which shone her face, with its flashing black eyes and brilliant cheeks.

They followed half a dozen others, all friends of Mr. Lasalle's, who had consented to join the little party.

Just within the great, noisy room, they paused suddenly, as people will when half a dozen good routes lie before them, and they know not which to choose.

Suddenly Jasper Layton grasped the mill-owner's arm.

"Who is that girl?" he asked; "the one by the window yonder?"

Mr. Lasalle's eyes followed the direction of his young friend's. A sudden glint came into them, scarcely pleasant to see.

"Miss Bernice Vance," he answered, shortly.

"Who, pray, is Miss Bernice Vance?" persisted Jasper, not to be put down so easily.

"I don't know!" with a shrug and a sneer. "One of my mill-hands. Does she interest you?"

"Decidedly," Jasper might have said that she looked sadly out of her proper sphere in that dingy place, but wisely kept the thought to himself.

"How long has she been with you?" he resumed, after a slight pause.

"Only a few weeks. She was quite new to factory life, when she came. It is my opinion she was never much accustomed to work of any sort. But she has wonderful aptitude. She will soon be one of my best operatives."

Jasper stood gnawing his handsome lip, and glancing down the long room to the spot where Bernice stood at her loom, half vexed with himself for the sudden interest he felt in this strange girl.

He was not much given to the study of physiognomy. Pretty faces he held in abhorrence. Even beauty palls, when we are surfeited with it, and Jasper Layton had seen all the charming women on both sides of the sea. Pink and white prettiness rather bored him than otherwise.

But there was something fresh and pliant about this simple mill-girl. She had great, appealing brown eyes; a complexion fresh and clear as any infant's; and a red, ripe, strawberry-colored mouth, just now dimpled into the daintiest curves imaginable.

Even the anxious, half-frightened expression of her face was not lost upon the young man.



"CAPTAIN MARIE!!" SHE CRIED, RISING UP WITH A SHRIEK OF TERROR. "LOST! LOST!"

His earnestness caused her to regard him more fixedly than she had done before. Those were honest eyes that met hers. It was a face to be trusted.

"Thank you," she said, "I shall be better soon; do not trouble yourself."

He paused before her and took one of her tiny hands in his, regarding it in perplexed admiration.

"How strange," he said, "that anything so small should be so strong and effective."

Then a sudden exclamation burst from his lips.

"You are hurt—wounded!" he cried.

She forced a faint smile to her lips.

"It is nothing. The belt was intensely hot; my fingers slid against it."

She closed her hand to show a wide, red line, where the skin was already raising in blisters.

He started slightly and made reply:

"Of the young lady by the window yonder."

"Oh!" Dora glanced quickly in the direction indicated. She saw Bernice for the first time. As fate would have it, the girl looked up at the same instant, and the eyes of the two met.

The sight moved him strangely. For one instant he leaned over her, so close that his breath scorched her cheek. The temptation seemed strong upon him to take her in his arms and heal those wounds with kisses.

But he resisted it. Why should he be so touched to the heart by the misfortunes of this poor mill-girl? What was she to him that he should offer more than common sympathy?

"You are a heroine," he said, in a low voice, and his glance was eloquent. "God bless you!"

A faint color wavered to her cheeks.

"Do not mind me," she said, almost pettishly. "Go back to your friend again. She is looking this way."

"No matter."

"She may need your help. I do not. Are you sure she was not injured?"

This question was put in a tone whose eagerness was not disguised.

"Quite sure," Jasper said, coldly. "She only frightened."

He turned away, however. But not to seek Miss Raymond. He was scarcely in the mood, at that moment, to listen to Dora's prattlings. He might have said something harsh to her.

The bookkeeper's desk was near. On it lay the morning paper. He took it up, solely to cover the perturbation he felt, and glanced over it.

A few minutes went by. He knew Dora had been watching him very intently. Suddenly she got up, and crossed the floor, pausing face to face with Bernice Vance.

Both girls were very pale. Half a dozen words passed between them, but in so low a tone as to be inaudible. Then Dora came started little to one side while skipping, idly playing with her fan, and all unconscious that she had drawn up close to one of the swiftly-revolving wheels, round which the broad, shining leather belts circled so rapidly; or that a little current of air, sweeping through the great room, was toying with her flounces, and fluttering them nearer and nearer to the spinning horn.

Bernice was first to see the beautiful woman's danger. With a shrill scream of warning she sprang forward. Too late. The circling belt had already caught the strong fabric, woven it in and about itself, and Dora was suddenly lifted up to be dashed in pieces upon the iron framework above.

It was Bernice's woman's arm that arrested her. Catching up a knife from her own loom, she was by Dora's side ere Jasper Layton had been made aware of his companion's danger, and had severed the belt with one swift, resolute blow.

It was into Jasper's arms that the half-unconscious girl fell, uninjured. He carried her to the nearest window, into the fresh air, where she lay many minutes against his shoulder, white and panting.

At last she was able to sit up, unassisted. Then he called one of the mill-girls to him, for Mr. Lasalle, with the rest of the party, had long since passed out of sight.

"It was a narrow escape, Miss Raymond," he said, his voice a trifle less steady than its wont. "You have much for which to be grateful."

Dora looked up at him, shivering from head to foot.

"And she—that girl—saved me!"

"Yes," he made answer, wondering what had called that lurid sparkle into her eyes.

Then he sought Bernice Vance. He found her leaning against the now noiseless loom, white and still.

"You are faint! You are ill!" she cried, the instant he caught sight of her face.

She slowly shook her head.

"You look like a ghost. Let me send for restoratives; you surely need them."

But this was not what most surprised him. He had made a discovery. The advertisement, so far as it went, exactly described Bernice Vance, the mill-girl!

And the scar? That was not wanting to make the identity complete. He had noticed it on first taking her hand into his own—a tiny white crescent near the thumb. He caught his breath sharply. After a moment's hesitation his resolve was taken. He went straight up to the loom where Bernice was standing.

"Read that," he said, and thrust the paper before her eyes, one trembling finger marking the place.

She did read it, growing red and pale by turns; a hard, defined expression finally settling upon her face.

"Well?" she said, coldly, at last.

"You are the lady."

"What is that to you?" she cried, with a stamp, and gleaming eyes.

"Nothing."

She turned round at that, confronting him fiercely. Something in his tone had seemed to exasperate her past endurance.

"I see," she said, bitterly. "You intend to claim the reward that is offered. Do so. I am a helpless girl. I cannot prevent it."

He shot a swift glance from Jasper to Dora, and finally looked round to the spot where Bernice was standing, white and still as some marble image. As if by instinct, he knew that something unusual had occurred.

"We missed you," he said. "Why did you not come with us?"

"There has been an accident," Jasper answered, briefly.

"An accident?" His keen eye swept round the room, and finally rested on the silent loom. "Ah!" he cried. "I hope no one was hurt?"

"No one. Miss Raymond was frightened. Nothing more happened."

"Thanks to your ready arm, I suppose?"

"I had nothing to do with it. It is Miss Vance who deserves your praises."

The mill-owner bit his lip, and an expression of annoyance showed itself in his face.

"That is strange," he said. "Tell me all about it."

"Yes," cried half a dozen voices in a chorus, "tell us all the particulars."

Jasper shrugged his shoulders.

"Pardon me," he said. "Miss Raymond is tired, and almost ill. We must not detain her here."

He led the way toward the vestibule, and the others followed, full of surprise and wondering ejaculations.

Outside, the day was full of sunshine, and the rich, wine-like air of June. A blue sky bent in smiling beauty above, against which the murky smoke belching from the great chimneys rose like a pyramid of gloom.

Dora dropped Jasper's arm of a sudden.

"I must go back," she said. "I have left my gloves."

"Let me get them for you."

"Thank you. I will be gone but a moment. I can find them more readily than you."

She was off before he could utter another word of remonstrance. She ran up the steps quite rapidly, as if afraid he would follow.

For the mill-hands she scarcely seemed to care. Sweeping into the vast room with her shining silk and lace, she seemed bright enough to be a creature of a different mould from the poor, tired girls bending over their noisy looms.

Gazing neither to the right nor left, for what were these wretched, toil-worn creatures to her?—she walked straight up to Bernice Vance.

"I wanted one word with you before I went away," she said, her face hard and stern, the beauty all gone out of it for a few brief moments.

Bernice turned, looking at her coldly.

"I am listening," was all she said.

"Fool!" hissed Dora, quite beside herself.

"I can't understand why you should have crossed my path, of all places."

"It was through no wish of mine—rest assured of that."

"Humph! You have been hunted for, high and low. Shall I send word to Yorkville where you may be found?"

Bernice disdained to answer.

"I'm tempted to do it," Dora went on, her jewelled hands quivering and shaking. "It will depend on yourself whether I yield to the impulse or not."

"On me?"

"Yes. Behave prudently, and you have nothing to fear from me. It was quite a shock to see you here. But I put on a bold face. You were wise—very wise—not to betray your knowledge of me."

Then she paused a moment, her burning eyes sweeping over the girl's face in a curious, baleful way, anything but pleasant.

"I wish you well!" she resumed, in a conciliating tone. "I have always wished you well. It is no part of my purpose to join in the persecution to which you have been subjected. But I have a single word of advice for your ear before I leave you."

"What is it?"

"If you have your own best interest at heart, take care that you do not cultivate Jasper Layton's acquaintance. You will know readily whom I mean—the gentleman who accompanied me here to-day."

The words themselves were a threat, and the tone only emphasized them. Dora did not add another syllable—it was not necessary. With a slight toss of her pretty head she went her way, and all things went on at the mill just the same as they had done before.

And yet not quite the same, for Bernice toiled on at the loom in an odd, mechanical way, like one whose senses were steeped in a delicious dream. She had heard a voice and seen a face she could never forget, were she to live a thousand years.

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She looked so pale and ill that he could not refuse compliance with her entreaties. Slowly and reluctantly he turned away.

"I will give you time to consider this matter," he said, speaking with unusual kindness. "I have been too precipitate. Forgive me. I might have known you would only be shocked and frightened by such impetuosity. To-morrow you will think better of my offer."

She shook her head.

"Do not build up any false hopes. Not to-morrow nor any day thereafter shall I consider it best to marry you."

She would have said more, but he raised his hand to stop her.

"Assurances are idle and useless. Besides, you are a sensible girl, Bernice. You can not be blind to the advantages that would be yours as my wife; and more than that, such love as mine is sure to bring its just reward, sooner or later."

With those words, and a self-satisfied smile upon his lips, he went his way.

Like many other world natures, he had perfect confidence in the gilded bubble—riches, as a magnet. He could not conceive of a nature strong and true enough to rise superior to its attractive power.

The day waned slowly, and at last the dusky crimson that heralds night overspread the sky with its flaming banners. The factory-bell rang out its vesper chimes; the whirr of machinery died away, and a solemn hush, in perfect keeping with the hush evening, stole over all the busy scene.

Bernice hurried out into the cool air with all the other operatives. Her heart was very full as she walked quickly down the street to the little brown cottage where she lodged.

She had come to this out-of-the-way village to find rest and peace. Had she succeeded? Were all her cherished plans to be defeated by sheer mischance?

She paused a moment on the little porch to glance behind her at the long, struggling street, the beetling walls of the mill with its stack of chimneys, and further on the purple hills, above which arched the flaming sky.

A lad stepped up quickly from the shadow of a neighboring building. Lifting his ragged hat, and thus revealing a grimy but keen-eyed face, he said:

"A letter for you, Miss."

"There must be some mistake; I never get letters."

The lad stood his ground, nothing daunted by the sharp glance she gave him, and held up a white packet between his dirty thumb and fingers.

"It's yours," he persisted. "Better take it. I want the money for fetchin' it."

Sure enough, it was addressed to "Miss Berthe Vance." Who had been writing to her in that odd way? Mr. Lasalle? surely.

She turned to question the boy, but could not find him. He had vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

Sitting down on the porch steps, she broke the seal of the letter. It was written in a stiff, crabbed hand, and contained these words:

"DEAR MISS BERNICE.—Please forgive me for following you here, and finding you out. I could not rest until I had learned what had become of you; my heart reproached me for not having stood by you from the first. I'm going to stand by you now."

I have something of importance to tell you—something that will put a powerful weapon into your hands. It will enable you to go back to the home from which you have fled, and defy them all.

Come to Millbrook Crossing to-night at ten. I will be there, and we can talk without fear of interruption. You shall learn a secret of the first importance. I dare not show myself by day, for Dora Raymond is in Millbrook, and she must not know I am here, or all is lost. You must come to me or my lips are forever sealed."

"I am your friend, whether you believe it or not, and shall always remain your friend."

"PARTY GINT."

Bernice turned from the perusal of this strange epistle with a wildly beating heart.

"I wonder if it is true?" she cried, pressing both hands to her throbbing temples. "Is Party Gint in Millbrook?" Has she really an important secret to communicate?"

It seemed strange—impossible! She could not understand it. She had fled from Millbrook, leaving no clue behind her. How then had this old woman who signed herself "Party Gint"—a woman Bernice had not known intimately, how bad she been enabled to trace her to Millbrook?

I can not understand it," she thought—but I shall go to Millbrook Crossing to-night. Party Gint cannot intend any harm, and she may prove to be, as she says, my friend."

CHAPTER III.

THE DOVE IN THE FOWLER'S NEST.

Having once decided to keep the appointment, Bernice waited with nervous impatience for the specified time to come round.

It still lacked nearly twenty minutes of ten o'clock; when she softly left the house and stole down the darkened side of the street in the direction of Millbrook Crossing, which was fully half a mile distant.

She reached it soon after the night express came thundering past. This was a little station to the right, with odd-looking red and green signal-lights, where two or three people were stalking up and down the glassy platform.

Bernice approached the place in a state of nervous trepidation. She pushed open the door of the waiting-room and looked in, but it was unoccupied.

A sudden fear beset her. She was turning away vaguely wondering where Party Gint could be, when a hand was dropped heavily upon her arm.

"Are you Miss Vance?" said a voice.

It was a gruff voice, but not an unpleasant one. Bernice swung quickly round. A tall, gaunt-looking person, dressed in a dark stuff gown and long cloak stood beside her.

She could not see this person's face. Whether by accident or design the light of the station-lamps streamed only upon her back.

But Bernice saw, at a glance, it was not the person she had come to meet. She drew back with a feeling of alarm and repulsion for which she could scarcely account.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"A friend, Miss," was the reply, "if you are the person I take you to be."

"I am Bernice Vance."

There was a low, chuckling laugh, and then the woman said:

"I suppose you came here to meet Party Gint."

"Yes; where is she?"

"Waiting for us only a few steps down the road, to the right of the station."

"Must I go there?"

"If you wish to see her."

Bernice recoiled involuntarily. She turned her searching eyes full upon the stranger, but could only distinguish the faint outline of a face.

"Why did she not come to the station?" "She did not think it best, I suppose. Miss Raymond may have been around to watch your movements. There are others, too, who are interested in anything you may do. You ought to know she is not the woman to run any risk."

Bernice drew a long breath of relief. "Patty is too cautious," she said. "I am sure she has nothing to fear."

"Perhaps not. Are you going with me?"

The tone was a trifle impatient. Bernice at once drew her wrap more closely about her, and gave her hand to her companion.

She could not help thinking that the pain resting again her own seemed singularly large and coarse. But she tried to dismiss her fears. The woman seemed too well posted in her history to be an imposter.

Leaving the station behind them, they struck into a dark and lonely road. Along this they proceeded for some distance in utter silence. At last Bernice came to a sudden halt.

"Have we much further to go?" she asked, uneasily, for her old fears were coming back, augmented by the darkness and silence of the way.

The hand on her arm had increased its pressure. She could scarcely refrain from screaming with pain. The voice, too, sounded gruffer and harsher. It was more like a man's voice than a woman's.

She gave a quick bound, thinking to free herself from the vice-like grip in which she was held. In vain. Those iron fingers never once relaxed their pressure. It was useless to struggle.

"Let me go!" she cried. "You are deceiving me! I will not go with you!"

A low, sneering laugh was the only answer volunteered by her companion. Then the awful conviction that she had been betrayed broke upon her mind with stunning force.

It was no longer doubt, but certainty. "Help!" she screamed, beginning to struggle fiercely.

"Stop that!" hissed her companion close to her ear. "Don't be a fool. It will do you no good."

Now the voice was full and deep, unmistakably a man's. Another shrill scream broke from Bernice's lips.

Screaming frightfully, the man disengaged his hand over her mouth, holding it there with all his strength.

A lad stepped up quickly from the shadow of a neighboring building. Lifting his ragged hat, and thus revealing a grimy but keen-eyed face, he said:

"A letter for you, Miss."

"There must be some mistake; I never get letters."

The lad stood his ground, nothing daunted by the sharp glance she gave him, and held up a white packet between his dirty thumb and fingers.

"It's yours," he persisted. "Better take it. I want the money for fetchin' it."

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The lad stood his ground, nothing daunted

found—had the drawing-room apartments, she invited me to stay in with her, and I did."

"Did you see Captain Levison there?" "I saw Thorn—as I thought him to be. Afy told me I must be away by eight o'clock, for she was expecting a friend, who sometimes came to sit with her for an hour's chat. But, in talking over old times—not that I could tell her much about West Lynne, for I had left it almost as long as she had—the time slipped on, past the hour. When Afy found that out, she hurried me off, and I had barely got outside the gate, when a cab drove up, and Thorn alighted from it, and let himself in with a latch-key. That is all I know."

"When you knew that the scandal of Afy's absence rested on Richard Hare, why could you not have said this, and cleared him, on your return to West Lynne?"

"It was no affair of mine, that I should make it public. Afy asked me not to say I had seen her, and I promised her I would not. As to Richard Hare—a little extra scandal on his back was nothing; while there remained on it the worse scandal of the murder."

"Stop a bit," interposed Mr. Rubiny, as the witness was about to retire. "You speak of the time being eight o'clock in the evening; sir. Was it dark?"

"Yes." "Then how could you be certain it was Thorn, who got out of the cab and entered?"

"I am quite certain. There was a gas-lamp right at the spot, and I saw him as well as I should have seen him in daylight. I knew his voice, too; could have sworn to it anywhere; and I could almost have sworn to him, by his splendid diamond ring. It flashed in the lamplight."

"His voice! did he speak to you?"

"No. But he spoke to the cabman. There was a half dispute between them. The man said Thorn had not paid him enough; that he had not allowed for the having kept him waiting twenty minutes on the road. Thorn swore at him a bit, and then flung him an extra shilling."

The next witness was a man who had been groom to the late Sir Peter Levison. He testified that the prisoner, Sir Francis Levison, had been on a visit to his master late in the summer and part of the autumn, the year that Hallijohn was killed. That he frequently rode out in the direction of West Lynne, especially toward evening, and come home with the horse in a foam. Also that he picked up two letters at different times, which Mr. Levison had carelessly let fall from his pocket, and returned them to him. Both the notes were addressed "Captain Thorn." But they had not been through the post, for there was no further superscription on them; and the writing looked like a lady's. He remembered quite well hearing of the murder of Hallijohn, the witness added, in answer to a question; it made a great stir throughout the country. It was just at that same time that Mr. Levison concluded his visit, and returned to London.

"A wonderful memory!" Mr. Rubiny sarcastically remarked.

The witness, a quiet, respectable man, replied that he had a good memory; but that circumstances had impressed upon it particularly the fact that Mr. Levison's departure followed close upon the murder of Hallijohn.

"One day, when Sir Peter was round at the stables, gentleman, he was urging his nephew to prolong his visit, and asked what sudden freak was taking him off. Mr. Levison replied that unexpected business called him to London. While they were talking, the coachman came up, all in a heat, telling that Hallijohn of West Lynne had been murdered by young Mr. Hare. I remember Sir Peter said he could not believe it; and that it must have been an accident, not murder."

"Is that all?"

"There was more said. Mr. Levison, in a shame-faced sort of manner, asked his uncle, would he let him have five or ten pounds? Sir Peter seemed angry, and asked, What had he done with the fifty pound note he had made him a present of only the previous morning? Mr. Levison replied that he had sent that away to a brother officer, to whom he was in debt. Sir Peter refused to believe it, and said he had more likely squandered it upon some disgraceful folly. Mr. Levison denied that he had; but he looked confused; indeed, his manner altogether was confused that morning."

"Did he get the five or ten pounds?"

"I do not know, gentlemen. I dare say he did, for my master was as persuadable as a woman, though he'd fly out a bit sometimes at first. Mr. Levison departed for London that night."

The last witness called was Mr. Dill. On the previous Tuesday evening, he had been returning home from spending an hour at Mr. Beauchamp's, when, in the field opposite to Mr. Justice Hare's, he suddenly heard a commotion. It arose from the meeting of Sir Francis Levison and Otway Bethel. The former appeared to have been enjoying a solitary moonlight ramble; and the latter to have encountered him, unexpectedly. Words ensued. Bethel accused Sir Francis of "shirking" him; Sir Francis answered angrily—that he knew nothing of him, and nothing he wanted to know.

"You were glad enough to know something of me the night of Hallijohn's murder," retorted Bethel to this. "Do you remember that I could hang you? One little word from me, and you'd stand in Dick Hare's place!"

"You fool!" passionately cried Sir Francis. "You couldn't hang me without putting your own head in the noose. Did you not have your hash money? Are you wanting to do me out of more?"

"A cursed paltry note of fifty pounds!" foamed Otway Bethel, "which many a time since, I have wished my fingers had been blown off before they touched. I never should have touched it, but that I was altogether overwhelmed with the moment's confusion. I have not been able to look Mrs. Hare in the face since—knowing I hold the secret that would save her son from the hangman."

"And put yourself in his place," sneered Sir Francis.

"No. Put you." "That's as if it might be. But, if I went to the hangman, you would go with me. There would be no excuse or escape for you. You know it."

The warfare continued longer, but this was the cream of it. Mr. Dill heard the whole, and repeated it now to the magistrates. Mr. Rubiny protested that it was "inadmissible," "unfair evidence," "contrary to law"; but the bench reluctantly put Mr. Rubiny down, and told them they did not require any stranger to come there and teach them their business.

Colonel Bethel had leaned forward at the conclusion of Mr. Dill's evidence, dismally on his face, agitation in his voice. "Are you sure that you made no mistake?" "That the other in this interview was Otway Bethel?"

Mr. Dill sadly shook his head. "Am I one to swear to a wrong man, colonel?" I

wish I had not heard it—saw that it may be the means of clapping Richard Hare."

Sir Francis Levison had braved out the proceedings with a haughty, cavalier air, his delicate hands and his diamond ring remarkably conspicuous. Was that some the real thing, or a false one, substituted for the real? Hard up as he had long been for money, the suspicion might arise. A derisive smile crossed his features at parts of the evidence, as much as to say, "You may convict me as to Mademoiselle Afy, but you can't as to the murderer." When, however, Mr. Dill's testimony was given, what a change was there! His mood tamed down to what looked like abject fear, and he shook in his shoes as he stood.

"Of course your worship will take bail for Sir Francis?" said Mr. Rubiny, at the close of the proceedings.

Bail! The bench looked at one another.

"Your worship will not refuse it—a gentleman in Sir Francis Levison's position!"

The bench thought they had never had so instant an application made to them. Bail for him!—on this charge! No; not if the lord chancellor himself came down to offer it.

Mr. Otway Bethel, conscious, probably, that nobody would offer bail for him, not even the colonel, did not ask the bench to take their trial for the "Wilful murder, otherwise the killing and slaying" of George Hallijohn; and before night would be on their road to the county prison at Lynnborough.

And then, ill-starred Afy! What of her? Well, Afy had retreated to the witness-rooms again, after giving evidence, and there she remained till the close, agreeably occupied in a mental debate. What would they make out from her admissions regarding her sojourn in London and the morning calls? How would that precious West Lynne construe it? She did not much care; she would brave it out, and assail them with towering indignation, did any dare to cast a stone at her.

Presently Barbara returned, and approached the table where stood Madame Vine, while she drew on her gloves. Her eyelashes were wet.

"I could not help shedding a few tears for joy," exclaimed Barbara, with a pretty blush, perceiving that madame observed the signs.

Mr. Carlyle had been telling me that my brother's innocence is now all but patent to the world. It came upon the examination of those two men, Sir Francis and Otway Bethel. Lord Mount Severn was present at the proceedings, and says they have in some way exonerated each other. Papa said he would bring it out, and assail them with a fierce stare, and then held out his hand in silence for Barbara to approach, and drew her in with him. Madame Vine went on with her work.

"There is not the least doubt of the guilt of Levison, but Otway Bethel's share in the affair is a puzzle yet," replied Mrs. Carlyle.

"Both are committed for trial. Oh, that man! that man! how his sins come out!"

Lower bent the head of Madame Vine over her employment. "Has anything been proved against them?" she asked, in her usual soft tone, almost a whisper.

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Madame Vine glanced up through her spectacles.

"Would you believe it," continued Barbara, dropping her voice, "that while West Lynne, and I fear ourselves also, gave that miserable Afy credit for going away with Richard, she was all the time with Levison?"

Bail! The bench thought they had never had so instant an application made to them. Bail for him!—on this charge!

"I can tell you what, Miss Afy, the sooner you dislodge your mind of that prejudice, the better. Levison has been as good as proved guilty to-day; but if proof were wanting, he and Bethel have criminated each other. When Rogers fell out, honest men get their own!" Not that I can quite fathom Bethel's share in the exploit, though I can pretty well guess at it. And, in proving themselves guilty, they have proved the innocence of Richard Hare."

"They are both committed for wilful murder—off to Lynnborough in an hour."

Afy's choker rose. "What a shame! To commit two innocent men upon such a charge!"

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"It can't be true!" she gasped.

"It's true enough. The part you have hitherto ascribed to Thorn, was enacted by Richard Hare. He heard the shot from his place in the wood, and saw Thorn run, glancing, trembling, horrified, from his wicked work. Believe me, it was Thorn who killed your father."

Afy grew cold as she listened. That one awful moment, when conviction that his words were true forced itself upon her, was enough to sober her for a whole lifetime. "Thorn!" Her sight failed; her head reeled; her very heart turned to sickness. One struggling cry of pain, and, for the second time that day, Afy Hallijohn fell forward in a fainting fit.

Shouts, hisses, execrations, yell! The prisoners were being brought forth, to be conveyed to Lynnborough. A whole posse of constables was necessary to protect them against the outbreak of the mob, which outbreak was not directed against Otway Bethel, but against Sir Francis Levison. Cowering, like the guilty culprit that he was, shivered with fear, and hid his white face—wondering whether it would be a repetition of Justice Hare's green pond, or tearing him to pieces; and cursing the earth because it did not open and let him in!

The carriage of the first guest. Barbara ran across the room, and rattled at Mr. Carlyle's door. "Archibald, do you hear?"

Bark came the laughing answer. "I shan't keep them long. But they may surely accord a few minutes' grace to a man who has just been converted into an M. P."

Barbara descended to the drawing-room, leaving her, that unhappy lady, to the censure and the broken pieces, and to battle as best she could with her bitter heart. Nothing but stabs; nothing but stabs! Was her punishment ever to end? No. The step she had taken in coming back to East Lynne, precluded that.

"I never told you there was a fire!" indignantly denied Jasper.

"You did. I opened the nursery window, and called out, 'Is it fire?' and you answered, 'Yes.'"

"You called out, 'Is it Jasper?' What else should I say but 'Yes' to that? Fire! Where was the fire likely to be—in the park?"

"Wilson, take the children back to bed," authoritatively spoke Mr. Carlyle, as he advanced to look down into the hall.

"John, are you there? The close carriage instantly—look sharp. Madame Vine, pray don't continue to hold that heavy boy; Jove, can't you relieve madam?"

"Wilson was right.

"Out it seems to come, little by little; one wickedness after another!" resumed Barbara. "I do not like Mr. Carlyle to hear it. No, I don't. Of course there is no help for it; but he must feel it terribly; so must Lord Mount Severn. She was his wife, you know, and the children are hers; and to think that she—I mean he must feel it for her," went on Barbara after her sudden pause, and there was some hauteur in her tone, less she should be misunderstood.—"Mr. Carlyle is one of the very few men, so entirely noble, whom the sort of disgrace reflected from Lucy Isabel's conduct cannot touch."

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That was not the catastrophe. Wilson, with the baby and Lucy, had already disappeared up the staircase, and Madame Vine was disappearing. Archibald lay on the soft carpet of the corridor, where madame had stood; for Joyce, in the act of taking him, had let him slip to the ground—let him fall from sheer terror. She had run across the floor with the balustrades, her face ghastly, her mouth open, her eyes fixed in horror—altogether an object to look upon. Archibald gathered himself on his sturdy legs, and stood staring.

"Why, Joyce! what is the matter with you?" cried Mr. Carlyle. "You look as if you had seen a spectre."

"Oh, master!" he wailed; "I have seen one."

"Are you all going deranged together?" reported he, wondering what had come to the house. "See a spectre, Joyce?"

Joyce fell on her knees, as if unable to support herself, and crossed her shaking hands upon her chest. If all she seen ten spectra, she could not have betrayed more dire distress. She was a sensible and faithful servant, and not given to flights of fancy, and Mr. Carlyle gazed at her in very amazement.

"Joyce, what is this?" he asked, bending down and speaking kindly.

"Oh, my dear master! Heaven have mercy upon us all!" was the inexplicable answer.

"Joyce, I ask you what is this?"

She made no reply. She rose up, shaking; and, taking Archie's hand, slowly proceeded toward the upper stairs, low moans breaking from her, and the boy's naked feet patterning on the carpet.

"What can all her?" whispered Barbara, following Joyce with her eyes. "What did she mean about a spectre?"

"She must have been reading a ghost-book," said Mr. Carlyle. "Wilson's son has turned the house topsy-turvy. Make you haste, Barbara."

(To be continued in our next.)

GREAT WORKS are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.

other light: shadowy and indistinct enough looked the white figures.

"Where is the fire?" he exclaimed. "I don't smell any. Who first gave the alarm?"

The bell answered him. The half-bell, which rang out ten times louder and longer than before. He opened one of the windows, and leaned out. "Who's there?" Madame Vine caught up Archie.

"It's me, sir," responded a voice, which he at once recognized to be that of one of Mr. Carlyle's men-servants. "Madame has been to a fit, sir, and mistress sent me for you and Miss Barbara. You must please make haste, sir, if you would see him alive."

Miss Barbara! It was more familiar to Jasper, in a moment of excitement, than the new name.

"You, Jasper! Is the house on fire—this house?"

"Well, I don't know, sir. I can hear a dreadful deal of screaming in it."

Mr. Carlyle closed the window. He began to suspect that the danger lay in far alone. "Who told you there was fire?" he demanded of Wilson.

"That man ringing at the door," sobbed Wilson. "Thank goodness, I have saved the children!"

Mr. Carlyle felt somewhat exasperated at the mistake. His wife was trembling from head to foot, her face of a deadly whiteness; and he knew that she was not in a condition to be alarmed, necessarily or unnecessarily. She clung to him in terror, asking if they could escape.

"My darling, be calm! There is no fire; it is a stupid mistake. You may all go back to bed and sleep in peace," he added to the rest.

"And the next time that you alarm the house in the night, Wilson, have the goodness to make yourself sure, first of all, that there is cause for alarm."

Barbara, frightened still, bewildered and uncertain, fled to the window and threw it open. But Mr. Carlyle was nearly as quick as she; he caught her to him with one hand, and drew the window down with the other.

To have these tidings told to her abruptly would be worse than all. By this time some of the servants had descended the other staircase, with a light, being in various stages of costume; and hastened to open the hall-door. Jasper entered. The man had probably waited to help put out the fire. Barbara caught sight of him and Mr. Carlyle could prevent it, and grew sick with fear, believing some ill had happened to her mother.

Drawing her inside their chamber, he broke the news to her soothingly and tenderly, making light of it.

She burst into tears. "You are not deceiving me, Archibald? Papa is dead?"

"Dead!" cheerfully echoed Mr. Carlyle, in the same tone he might have used had Barbara wondered whether the justice was taking a night airing for pleasure in a balloon.

"Wilson has indeed frightened you, love. Draw yourself, and we will go and see him."

At that moment Barbara rec

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[June 13, 1874.]



R. J. WALKER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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R. J. C. WALKER,
27 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Evening, June 13, 1874.

TO OUR READERS.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following graceful and well-merited tribute to the memory of two of the earliest contributors to the columns of this paper, from the pen of Mr. T. Cottrell Clarke, himself the original editor of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. It was to Mr. Clarke's energy and talent during his editorial management, which lasted until 1829, that this now veteran journal was largely indebted for its early success.

OLD WRITER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On Thursday of last week, two of the old writers of the Post were buried, of whom I see no mention made, though pleasant memories are associated with their names, and the name of the dear old Post, which their genius helped to build up.

The name of Edmund Morris is the oldest and the first in order. He began life as a Market Street merchant, and occasionally contributed poetical and humorous articles to our Family Paper, which was the only paper of the kind in the country. His attachment for the Post led Mr. Morris to return quickly mercantile pursuits, and prepare himself for the more congenial duties of an editor. His first step in this direction evinced a wise discretion, for he entered the office of one of the best editors in Philadelphia, the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, where the merchant became an apprentice. He subsequently, on the expiration of his six months' apprenticeship, published several papers, in one of which, the *Saturday Bulletin*, he was materially assisted by the able contributions of Mr. J. J. Smith, then the popular librarian of the Philadelphia Library.

My earliest acquaintance with Mr. Morris was in the year 1823, when his writings came into my possession as editor of our favorite SATURDAY EVENING POST. One of his apprentices was Mr. Benjamin Morris, for nearly twenty years Secretary of the American Legation in London.

Mr. Morris, for several years past, has enjoyed the luxury of a retired gentleman-farmer, priding himself in cultivating the most delicious fruit, his immense blackberries reminding us of the black balls with which, in older times, we used to beat down the ink on the forms of the Post. My life-long, cherished friend was buried on Thursday, at Burlington, aged 74 years.

Mr. ROBERT MORRIS was younger than Edmund, being but 64 on the day of his burial, last Thursday. He commenced life as an apothecary, at South and Fifth Streets, where he poured forth brilliant effusions, which found a cordial welcome in the columns of the rising and popular SATURDAY EVENING POST, so early as 1823. After an intimacy of a few years, when the editor of the Post and his friend Morris began to think of our mutual interests, we published a paper jointly, becoming "proprietors" as well as editors. Our printer, Mr. John R. Walker, started the *Advertiser* paper, which subsequently became under that enterprise publisher, Mr. Jasper Harding, the *Advertiser*, now Philadelphia. *Advertiser* of this Mr. Morris became the editor, and continued to make it the most pleasant, gentlemanly daily paper ever published in this city. I may be excused for saying this much, because Mr. Morris carried with him into the *Advertiser*, his own talents, and our joint subscription list, which helped to swell that of the daily paper.

After a faithful service of over twenty years, Mr. Morris left the editorial chair in 1857, to become President of the Common wealth Bank.

Thus have passed away two of the early writers of the favorite and still flourishing SATURDAY EVENING POST, which, for more than half a century, starting out from the old printing office of Benjamin Franklin, has shed its healthful, cheering light among the families of the land.

T. COOTRELL CLARKE.
Philadelphia, May, 13th, 1874.

SCHOOL EXCURSIONS.

BY S. P.

The Spring is here, the delicate-fisted May,
With her slight fingers full of leaves and flowers
And with them comes the time to go,
Wasting in wood-paths the voluptuous hours."

So sings the poet in musical numbers, and so feels every man, woman and child when the spring days come. Nature tempts, high holiday, and her myriad voices call us forth to share it. Kick and pour alike throng to the feast; from broad, fair avenues and narrow sunless courts the eager fastidious come, moved with the same longing to be out in the free open air, under the blue sky that arches over us like heaven's love. Only to be abroad under the grand dome of that temple not made with hands, the wide immeasurable outlook of some breezy hill—expanding the spirit till it flutters with a sense of wings—only to stand as a free soul in infinite space, is fullness of content. Why it sooths so utterly, sustains and elevates so divinely, must be from the realizing of His presence and Fatherly care. Apart with Him we feel

"God's greatest blessing round our incompleteness, bound our infirmities, His rest."

The good there is in such recreation is beyond estimate. And it is felt and ac-

knowledged more and more every year. The luxury of frequent holidays devoted to country pleasures is increasingly recognized as the right of all. In nothing is the beneficial working of our free institutions more visible than in the growing disposition to spread the good things of the world before all the people. Especially the children, it seems to us, are considered of late years. They are worked hard and pushed in their studies, it is true, through the ambition and zeal of their teachers; but how the holidays thicken and brighten in the school children's afternoons! They used to have morning and afternoon sessions, and if let out at four o'clock there was no end to the jubilation over the grace of that earlier hour of liberty. The one month of August out of all the year was considered enough vacation; and the occasional botanizing excursions that broke up the monotony of daily lessons were rare indeed. Now we have changed all that. No sooner does the fine weather come than picnics are planned, and the school children pour out of town in immense numbers—crowded car loads of happiness, bound for some rustic paradise, and a whole day of play.

"The young larks are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young leaves are playing with the shadow;
The young flowers are looking toward the west."

And the young children are let loose among them, as glad and care-free as they, for six or eight blessed hours. If there be any child in our happy country

"Who has never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that porte-monnaie lost again?"

"Now, Philip," said the little woman, with a world of pretty penitence in the lengthened monosyllable, "don't mind! Upon my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Jane," said the husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a motion denoting intense irritation. "Will you never break yourself of this careless habit, my love?"

Jane was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chid.

"You don't know what an annoyance these heedless habits are to a methodical person like myself, dear," he added, in a gentle tone, as the coral lip began to tremble and the eye to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake! Here is your lost treasure," he added, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs, and thought it a most excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Jane clapped her hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in girlish glee.

"A pretty child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh, blankly unconscious of one another. "Well, if I don't make haste, I shall be too late for that engagement in the city. Let me see—the notes are in my iron safe, I believe. Nothing like locking up things and keeping the key yourself. If Jane only followed my example——"

Mr. Walter paused abruptly, seeking in his various pockets, with nervous haste, for something which seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lip. "I always put it in that waistcoat pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on the table amongst those papers."

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither, like animated snow-flakes, as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought amongst their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in the safe, with no earthly chance of ever getting at it!" But I am certain that the key can't be lost. I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many more minutes—I'll just put on a clean shirt and run down town. Hang that key!"

Mr. Walter hastened up to his dressing-room to complete the details of his toilet; ere he left the house; but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his wardrobe was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were singly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible larder!

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping faintly that the key might be on the mantelpiece, where he had not yet searched. No, it was not there; but a treacherous inkstand set up, the contents thereof by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebony cataract over his shirt-front—the shirt-front upon which alone he had deposed!

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he murmured, gloomily, stamping the ink flow with his pocket handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over for the present. Let me see, there is that money I promised to pay Smithson to-day, and now——"

He stopped short; a cold dew of dismay breaking out on his forehead—the money-drawer was a fixture of the wretched iron safe!

Penniless and shirtless, what more desperate state of affairs could his woes encry for him?

The hills and waters of the wild romantic Wissahickon, between the changes of the seasons, are favorite resorts, ever charming, ever new. Boating gayly along over the sunny waters, by rocky precipices, and deep in the shadows of the wooded hills, a backward glance is cast to the Indian warrior whose light canoe has vanished forever from the stream. And with his memory comes the proud reflection that here, alone in all the western world, the red man was justly dealt with. Every son and daughter of the City of Brotherly Love lifts his head emboldened by that virtue. Well may his spirit burn within, sharing the glory that places William Penn, the founder of His State, in the very front rank of Christian men!

Such are the influences brought to bear upon the rising generation by these popular school excursions. No calculation can be made of their value to the incipient poets, philosophers, scientists, legislators, receiving the public instruction that affects their future. And for the thoughtless and the little ones, careless of the storied past and its teachings, there is still the sure good of nature's gracious ministry.

"Get out, children from the alleys of the city—

"Ring out, children, as the little thrushes do—

"Pluck you handfuls of the meadow wavy grass—

"Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!"

HEALTH AND MONEY.—There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: the money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied, and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest soul would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

He laughed, too—he couldn't help it!

Mrs. Jane Walter was a discreet little female. She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never after known to reproach her for carelessness.

Will the Shadows be Lifted?

BY JACK MANN.

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow?
Does the sun ever shine in vain?
And the hands that are laid in their sorrow,
With their eyes are they ever again?

Will the fields ever put on their greenness,
And the flowers bloom sweet as before?
Will the sky in its bluest serenity
Look smilingly on us once more?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow?
For my heart is with grief as real?
Will the kiss that she gave in her sorrow,
With her love of promise be sent?

Will the waves of the heart's troubled fountain
Ever cease in their wild and noisy roar?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow?
From hill top, and valley, and plain,
And beautiful sunshine and gladness
Replenish the drear earth again?

I know that the weeping of nature
Will have done with its griefs to-day,
And the beauty of sunset, as ever,
Be scattered like phantoms of woe?

Ah, yes, will the shadows be lifted
From hill top, and valley, and plain,
And beautiful sunshine and gladness
Replenish the drear earth again?

With her love of promise be sent,
With the waves of the heart's troubled fountain
Ever cease in their wild and noisy roar?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow?
From hill top, and valley, and plain,
And beautiful sunshine and gladness
Replenish the drear earth again?

With her love of promise be sent,
With the waves of the heart's troubled fountain
Ever cease in their wild and noisy roar?

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And beautiful sunshine and gladness
Replenish the drear earth again?

With her love of promise be sent,
With the waves of the heart's troubled fountain
Ever cease in their wild and noisy roar?

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With her love of promise be sent,<

"Have you quite forgotten me, Mr. One-lot?"
He was face to face with Doris Carlyon.
(To be continued in our next.)

KITTY CLOVER.

BY F. E. ROBERTSON.

Williams Rose sat in the parlor of his uncle's farm-house, lazily turning the leaves of a photograph album.

"Who is this, Aunt Mary?" he asked.

"Oh, that's Kitty Clover!"

"Yes; or Kitty Armstrong, rather—my niece. She spent a month here last summer, and your uncle David thought so much of her, that he asked for her picture. He always calls her Kitty Clover, because she thinks calico-blossoms are so pretty."

"Where does she live?"

"In London."

"Tell me about her, won't you?"

"She is my sister's youngest child, and her father is dead; her sisters are all married, and she lives alone with her mother."

"She is quite a belle, I suppose."

"Well, I hardly think so; she isn't rich enough for that."

"Is she poor, then?"

"No, not that exactly, either. Her father was a doctor, who died a few years ago, leaving a small property. Kitty and her mother have enough to keep a neat villa, and feed and clothe themselves comfortably. She is coming up again this summer, and I am very glad, for I know you will like such other, and it will be pleasant for both."

"How old is she?"

"Eighteen. Just the age for you. A man, with your wealth and position in society, ought to be married."

The truth is, Aunt Mary, all the marriageable young ladies have turned fortune-hunters. If I could meet your niece with out her knowing that I was rich, it would suit me well, for I like her face exceedingly."

"Now don't be ridiculous, William! Kitty might, with just as much propriety say that you would fall in love with her on account of her beauty and insist upon wearing a mask. You are not in search of a rich wife, for the very excellent reason that you are wealthy yourself. But the woman you marry must possess beauty, or its equivalent, and I think it is but fair that she should receive something in exchange."

"So you think I have nothing but wealth to recommend me, Aunt Mary?"

"Yes, I think you have an abundance of self-control."

"Now that is unkind. You are angry with me for suspecting your niece of mercenary motives. Do be a good, kind Aunt Mary, and help me in this."

"I cannot say that I approve of deception under any circumstances. Still, if you really desire it, you might pretend to be a distant cousin, assisting your uncle through the summer work, and treated as one of the family on account of the relationship."

"That is just the thing, for I am so brown already that I could easily pass for a farmer."

That very night Mrs. Rose received a letter from Kitty, saying that she would be there the next day, and William hastily prepared himself, and gave instructions to the servants.

So the next evening when his uncle David rode back from the village, with Kitty in the carriage, William was coming from the fields in a regular farmer's dress.

He was more than surprised at Kitty's beauty, even after having seen her photograph. Her bright, waving, golden hair, her fair complexion, and her brown, sparkling eyes that seemed overflowing with mischief, far exceeded in loveliness all he had imagined. But, unfortunately, Kitty's attention was directed to household affairs for the first few days, and she took little or no notice of him.

But one day she went out into the hay-field with her uncle, when William was on the mowing-machine. The horses were spattered, and coming suddenly to a hollow in the ground, he was thrown off the mower spraining his ankle slightly. This proved sufficiently painful to keep him in the house for the next few days, and Kitty and he became the best of friends. She read to him, talked and sang to him, and as they were both disposed to be argumentative, Aunt Mary was often annoyed by their discussions.

"How did you acquire such a finished education, and a thorough knowledge of books?" asked Kitty, one day.

"Ah, Miss Kitty, my father was once wealthy, and no pains were spared with my education."

"Why don't you use it to some better advantage?"

"Perhaps I may do so some day, though, to tell the truth, I believe I am rather indifferent."

One morning, as soon as the dew was off the grass, Kitty ran out, and gathered flowers for the vases. She sat down in the parlor to arrange them. William watched her, thinking what a lovely picture she made in her white morning-dress, and her hair more like gold than ever. He asked for a nose-

"Certainly," she said.

Taking a white rose, she surrounded it with forget-me-nots, added some sweet violets, and laying fragrant geranium-leaves around the whole, she placed it in his hand.

"It is beautiful and sweet—it is like your self," he said, enthusiastically.

Kitty blushed hotly but made no reply.

"Let me see what messages they bring me," he said. "I am worthy of you?"

"True love? Worth beyond beauty?" and "Preference?"

"Ah, that is unfair! I selected the flowers for their beauty and fragrance, not for their meaning."

And Kitty's proud little lips curled, she tried to appear angry and disdainful, but she looked more perplexed than either: for the white lids with their golden fringes, drooped over her brown eyes, and her slender fingers fluttered nervously with the flowers in her lap. Hastily placing them in the vase, she escaped to her room, and did not make her appearance till dinner-time. William watched throughout the meal to catch her eye, and was at last rewarded with a timid, fluttering glance. He sent back such a look of entreaty mingled with penitence, that her cheeks grew very rosy, though she did not dare to notice him further.

She did not appear in the parlor after dinner, and he began to fear she was seriously offended.

"I wish, most ardently, that I had never assumed this silly disguise," he said. "It places me in a false position that is often uncomfortable; and I verily believe that this provoking sprig, which I thought might possibly excite her sympathy, has only caused me to appear more worthless and insignificant in her eyes."

He heard her light step on the stairs, but she went directly out on the lawn. He called her and she came in, looking a little frightened.

"Miss Kitty, I see I have offended you."

"I did not mean it. Pray forgive me."

His tone was so humble that she gave him

her hand in a pretty, graceful way. He took it in both his and kissed it repeatedly and passionately. She flushed angrily.

"I cannot help it!" he cried. "Oh, Kitty!

I love you!"

"But I don't love you, sir!" she said, half vexed, half saucy.

"But you are not angry with me for loving you?"

"No. I want to be your friend, and I don't want you to make love to me."

"Please, don't leave me alone; my ankle is very painful—ain't you sorry?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Won't you read to me then?" he asked.

"Certainly. What would you like?"

"The Princess."

"But I am tired of that," she exclaimed.

"I can never tire of it; but please yourself."

"I will read it to you," she rejoined.

She took the book and sat down, the blue and gold making her fair hand whiter by contrast. Her tones were silvery sweet, her voice flushed softly as she read, and at the last words of the Princess, her voice trembled slightly. She closed her eyes, and sat slowly rocking to and fro, her hair floating out in the sunshine that came through a western window.

He watched her, thinking how beautiful she was, and how he loved her, and yet he dared not speak after what had passed.

But a few evenings subsequently, his love proved stronger than his judgment, and as they sat in the twilight shadows, he told her that old, bewitching story, and she grew paler as she listened, and then said, "William, William, you must not love me, for I cannot be your wife!"

"Kitty, do you refuse me because I am poor?"

"Oh, no! but you lack energy, ambition

"If we are rich, there might be more excuse for your idleness; but a man with your health, education, and talents, should never settle down to a farmer's assistant."

"Aunt Mary has betrayed me."

"What?"

"Kitty," he said, springing up, "do you know I am?"

"No, but I believe you are a lunatic."

"I have been a fool, Kitty, your name is not Smith, I am William Rose!"

She started in surprise. But recovering quickly in a moment, she said, rather coldly, "I thought Mr. William Rose was a wealthy stockbroker, residing in London."

"I am he."

"But why did you take the name of Smith?"

"I knew you were coming, and I thought—"

"Oh, I see! You thought I would fall in love with your money? That was extremely suspicious on your part."

"No matter what I thought. I am sorry that I assumed the disguise. I love you, though my words fail to tell. Oh, be mine, Kitty!"

As he spoke, he tried to take her hand but she drew back.

"No, sir," she said, "not after such deception." Mr. Rose good-night."

William flew to Aunt Mary for comfort. She soothed him as best she could, assuring him that she believed Kitty did love him, and had only refused him because her pride was wounded. Still he slept a sleepless night. Kitty, too, looked pale at breakfast, William thought so, at least; and it gave him a forlorn hope. But she avoided him that day, and the day that followed, though she glided about the house as silently as a spirit with neither song nor laughter on her lips. William watched her with an aching heart, thinking that he could almost give up the hope of winning her love, if it would come when I have need of your aid. Will you give it to me?"

"Tell me what you want me to do," said Paul.

"I do not matter," he said, in a somewhat melancholy tone. "We shall not probably meet again; nor will she care."

"I think she would," said Frank. "You will hurt her by going off in such a manner."

"I feel certain of that."

Paul shook his head again.

"I know she will not care," he said.

"Why should she?"

"Because you do not care for her?" asked Frank.

"You are the only man I know who feels in that way to Rose Lewis."

"I am not a lady's man," said Paul; but he turned his head away to say the words.

In a moment more Frank spoke again—

"Paul, you know I am neither a bashful man nor a coward in most cases; but every man becomes one or both, under some circumstances. I have a favor to ask of you. You remember your promise to refuse nothing I could ask of you. The time has come when I have need of your aid. Will you give it to me?"

"Tell me what you want me to do," said Paul.

"I want to see Miss Lewis," he said.

"I want you to tell her something which I have not the courage to tell her myself—I have admitted cowardice, as you know, Paul—to tell her a love-story, in fact, and set what she says to it. I could ask this of no one else. Will you do it?"

Paul stood dismayed. He—he, of all men, to undertake such a task as this!—he who loved Rose Lewis so madly! He stood bewildered. So Frank, the beautiful, darling, splendid fellow, her mate in wealth, position, and appearance, loved the girl also. If so, she could not fail to love him in return. They were made for each other. That fancy that Frank admired Ruth was a mere dream too. The little woman's heart, sweet little Ruth's, was thus unharmed. Frank and Rose—Frank and Rose! Yet it was all right; he had no doubt about it. It was natural; but why choose him for a go-between?

"I do not refuse, Frank," he faltered.

"Mindful of his promise, but white with despair; 'you are not need for her. She will love you.' You are not one to sue in vain."

"I am a coward," said Frank; "just here, I am a coward. You are a good fellow, Paul, and you will do it."

"But how?" asked Paul.

"I know nothing of such things. I have never told any woman of my own love. I shall harm yours in telling. I will do it; but you must give me the words—the how—the when. It will be terrible?"

He was deadly white now—not only pale; but Frank went on unheeding:

"Tell her a story—this. You know a man who has loved her long, but who has never dared to say so. He feels that his own deserts are too small to entitle him to hope; but on the eve of parting he can restrain himself no longer—he must tell her that life is nothing without her; that her love is the only thing worth striving for; he must ask her in this strange way, because he has no courage enough to do otherwise; to bid him hope or despair. Then she will ask who he is, that lover is, and you may tell her; but not until then, mind—not until after the story of the love is told. And you will bring me the answer."

Paul turned a ghastly face towards him, and replied, "It live!"

"And will you tell the tale just so—just as I have told you?" asked Frank.

Again Paul answered, "If I live."

Then he left Frank, and sought Miss Lewis.

She held out her hand; but he only bowed, and seated himself beside her.

In a moment more, he said, "I have come upon an errand that will surprise you, Miss Lewis. I am commissioned to tell you a story."

"That of some poor person?" she asked.

"You have only to tell me," she said.

"I have only to tell you," he said, "that you are in need, and wretched."

"It is the story of one who asks a gift," he said, "but not a gift of alms—a gift more precious than gold could be;" and here, as he spoke the thoughts of his own soul in another's service, his voice trembled—"a gift that you only can give—you, of all the world."

Rose looked at him shyly now. In a moment more her eyes dropped, and her fingers began to tingle with her rings, and the lace above her bosom to flutter softly.

"I know a man who has loved you for a long time," he went on, taking now a sort of fierce and bitter pleasure in this cruel usage of himself, framing from his own knowledge of his own love the tale of Frank Millard.

"For months he had thought of you by day and by night, until there is but one woman in the world to him—the woman who is called Rose Lewis. Of all the objects that there are upon the horizon of the future, he only sees your face. He could do anything for your sake; without you he will be nothing. He has seen no token of any liking for him in your face, nor heard it in your voice; yet he would have you hear his story, and know his fate. His name—"

But then a sharp spasm of pain caught his breath. He panted for an instant. In that instant Rose turned towards him, and put her hand in his.

"My love is not worth so much," she said, tearfully. "But since you value it so highly, it is yours. It always has been since I first knew you."

And tears came faster, and woman's hysterical sobs. And what could he do but take in his arms the woman he adored, and who had just admitted her love for him, under the impression that he had proposed her, and held her with a lover's tender kiss.

He heard her light step on the stairs, but she went directly out on the lawn. He called her and she came in, looking a little frightened.

"Miss Kitty, I see I have offended you."

"I did not mean it. Pray forgive me."

His tone was so humble that she gave him

WHOM IS THE BABY LIKE?

Who is the baby like? You or me?

Hardly, yet you are both alike,

(Lying

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE SUSPICIOUS YOUNG MAN.

Pray tell me, kind reader,
If you have seen—
A suspicious young man—
But, thank Heaven, they're few—
Who imagined, if any one
Kind to him be,

"Oh, I see, they're designs
On my purse-strings or me."

"But do them I will—
I will be every motion,
And set it off by a
By kindest devotion.

I see their intentions;
As well as if spoken;
But catch me—they won't
While my weaker eye's open.

"There's Mary Jane Thompson
I met at the ball—
I was so charmed with me,
Nock-tie and all.

She seemed so confounded;
When her look I did catch;

But though she's a good general,
I am her match!"

And now, gentle reader,
As I am a person,
If you meet such a person,
Never think on him twice.
But with flattery, well received,
Catch him—you can—
For that's the soft side
Of this charming young man.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

A SKETCH OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.

BY DANIEL NORMAN.

In the winter of 1858, I was mining—or ratherjourning, and waiting for a chance to mine in the spring—in the town of Omega, Nevada county. Snow fell in the month that winter to the depth of eight feet. Three of us were living in a cabin about half a mile out of town, near the head of Sour Kraut Ravine. We were in the habit of spending our evenings in town, or at the cabin of our brother-miners, generally remaining from home till ten, eleven, or even as late as twelve o'clock.

I happened to be in town the very evening that the first great fall of snow began. I saw that the snow was coming down very fast, and knew before starting home that the trail would be hidden; but this gave me no uneasiness, as I knew the course well, and could keep within a few rods of the trail the whole distance, if not in it.

When I finally started homeward, it was about ten o'clock; and there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground, and flakes coming down as saucers. Knowing my course, I rushed along, paying but little attention to the trail, and was within two hundreds of the cabin, when there was a sudden crash of breaking twigs and brush under my feet, and I felt myself sinking into an open space. Instinctively I stretched out both arms to their fullest extent, and clutched the snow with both hands. Instantly, in fact before I had fully settled into this position, I knew where I was, and fully comprehended the danger of my situation.

I knew that I was hanging over the old Brookshire shaft—a shaft dug some years before to undermine the hill, and at least a hundred feet in depth!

It was but two or three rods below the trail, and was covered by a few pine and spruce boughs that were thrown across its mouth when it was abandoned. I knew that there were huge boulders and sharp, jagged rocks projecting everywhere along the sides of the shaft, and that in the bottom was at least twenty feet of water; for, in passing, I had once or twice pushed the brush covering aside, and dropped into it pebbles and pieces of lighted paper. I felt my body and legs dangling in space, and, without thinking of the consequences, made an effort to reach out with one of my feet to see if I could touch the wall of the shaft. I had extended my leg some distance without touching the wall, when, to my horror, the dry and rotten covering of the shaft began cracking under my arm on the side upon which my weight was thrown in the attempt I had made to learn something of my situation. Carefully I swung back, till I hung perpendicularly over the fearful chasm, the brush still crackling as I did so. As each little twig snapped, I felt that there was that much less between myself and death; each little rotten stick that held was worth millions to me, and for a stout beam under my feet I would have given tens of millions.

The snow beat down incessantly upon my head in immense damp flakes, and I could feel it gradually piling about my neck. Occasionally there were wild blasts of wind that roared among the tall pines, and swept the light snow into my eyes. One of these blasts took away my right belt, and left my head exposed to the beating storm. As I felt my hat going, I made an involuntary movement to raise my arm to catch it, but it seemed me, greatly weakened my support. The snow melting on my head and face trickled into my eyes and almost blinded me. My hands and arms seemed becoming benumbed, and I began to fear I would lose my hold upon the branch covering of the shaft. Whenever this notion took possession of my mind, I would extend my arms and even my fingers, till the joints of my shoulders seemed starting from their sockets.

By straining my eyes, I could see the dim outlines of our cabin on a little rise of ground above me. I could see no light, however, and concluded that my partners had either gone to bed, or had not yet returned from a neighbor's cabin a quarter of a mile further down the ravine, whither I knew they had gone to spend the evening. Once or twice I shouted; but the effort caused a crackling of the twigs supporting me, and I desisted, determining to wait till I could hear the voices of my cabin companions returning, or see a light in the little window of four small panes. This fortunately, was on the side of the house next to me; so, too, was the door by which they must enter the cabin. I thought of all this, and it gave me some hope.

Several times, as the roaring wind lulled for a moment, I thought I heard the sound of voices and laughter, and my heart beat quick with hope and joy; but the sounds were not repeated, and doubtless were but the crackling of some storm-swayed boughs, or the chattering of some distant coyotes.

I now began seriously to fear being completely covered in the fast-falling and drifting snow. It seemed coming down at the rate of an inch a minute, and already covered my shoulders, and was piling close up about my mouth. I dare not make the slightest move to rid myself of the drift which was about to bury me. Should the snow get over my eyes, I could not see the light in the cabin, and could only call out by guess. As so slight an exertion as calling out in a loud tone set my rotten platform to creaking, I did not wish to call for aid till I was certain it was near.

As the snow began rising about my mouth, I discovered I could keep it away with my breath. I saw that I still had a chance of keeping my eyes free, and kept constantly at work blowing away the accumulating flakes. This gave me some

thing to do, and was a relief to my mind; and so jealously did I keep guard, that I would hardly allow two bakes to be between my lips.

Thoughts of home, my friends, of the little I had ever done in the world, and of the jagged rocks lining the side of the shaft, with the great pool in its bottom, passed and repassed in my mind. In this circle my mind seemed swiftly revolving, dwelling but for a moment upon one thing. I would strain my eyes to see the light in the window till they were ready to start from their sockets. Sometimes I would see a sudden red flash, and with a joyous throb of my heart I would say, "It's there;" but in a moment after, I would groan in spirit at discovering the flash was only within my strained and weary eyeballs.

From straining my eyes and ears for some sign of the arrival of my partners, I would fall into my old circle of thought; and round and round in it, as in a whirlpool, my brain would whirl till some moon of the winds or crackling of the trees would arouse me to thoughts of escape from my fearful position.

After the first few efforts made towards extricating myself, my whole care was to remain as motionless as possible, and keep my arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in order to grasp for my support every twig within my reach, so if no larger or stronger than a rye-stalk. Time seemed to move on leaden wings, and it appeared to me that I must have been suspended over the shaft for many hours. I began to fear that on account of the storm, my partners had come to "turn in" at the cabin of our neighbor. The moment I thought of this, it seemed to me almost certain that such was the case. My escape, I now began to think, rested on myself. I thought they might be before me a pole across the shaft strong enough to bear my weight. Slowly I began raising my right arm, in order to feel for some support; but a startling snapping of twigs, when this extra weight was thrown upon my left arm, caused me quickly to desist.

"Great heavens!" I groaned, as I settled back into my former position, "how long is this to last?"

Just at this moment, I heard the sound of voices. This time there was no mistake about it. I heard the loud, ringing laugh of my joyful partner Tom, and heard card-playing Bob say something about a game that they had been playing at the "other cabin."

"As they came nearer, I heard Tom say, 'I wonder if Dan has got back from town.'

Clarence Leighton and Edward Maurice passed from view beyond the shrubbery, for they were walking in the garden; and shortly afterwards a lady emerged from a little arbour close to where they were talking. Her face was flushed a painful crimson, and she was smiling bitterly.

"You don't believe you?" said Clarence, smiling. "Perhaps she may not; but if I do my duty, my conscience won't accuse me."

"Why don't you marry her yourself?" Clarence asked, smirking.

"Because I'm poor as poverty. Were I equal in wealth and social position, I would contest the field with you. As it now is, all I can do is to warn her against your machinations. Now, on your honor, do you love her, or do you not?"

"Phew! Love her? I'd love an iceberg just as soon."

"And yet you'll marry her?"

"I will—she's got a heap of money."

They spoke in their ordinary tone of voice; and this gave me great joy, as I knew I could make them hear without their noticing me.

"Tom!" I cried again, in as loud a tone as voice as I dare use: "Tom, come here!"

"Why, that's Dan! What can be the matter?"

And both came as fast as their legs would carry them down to hear where I was hanging.

"Don't come too near!" I cried. "For heaven's sake, don't come too near! I have fallen through the brush over this shaft, and it's just ready to break, and let me down like a rope, quick; the windlass rope, you know."

"Tom!" I cried, "Tom!"

There was no answer, and my heart felt cold within me.

"Tom!" I again cried.

This time, to my great joy, both of the boys in a breath sang out, "Hello!"

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And both came as fast as their legs would carry them down to hear where I was hanging.

"Don't come too near!" I cried. "For heaven's sake, don't come too near! I have fallen through the brush over this shaft, and it's just ready to break, and let me down like a rope, quick; the windlass rope, you know."

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THE ROUDOUR

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashionable Editors," Saturday Evening Post.]

Fashion's queens are sipping honey as they go. The weather is charming for airing the dainty new costumes, and the promenade is crowded, not only in what is wont to be known as the fashionable promenade hour, but all the day long the gay variétés are hovering here and there, in quest of novelties; and gratification meets them at every turn, for rarely have we seen greater scope given in the fashioning of everything pertaining to an outfit, and especially.

IN BUTTER,

designed for the coming months of travel and fashionable sojourn abroad.

Among the materials greatly in demand is the new twill's or diagonal debsége and camis, a summer camel's hair. The latter is more especially designed for polonaises, or overskirt and blouse.

The debsége we find in all the prevailing shades of gray and browns, and some of the most stylish in gray are finished with piping of mouse silk.

In one or two instances we have seen the petticoat or main skirt made of mouse, and trimmed with bands or flounces of the debsége; but we must pronounce it poor taste for a travelling costume.

A very stylish costume of this combination of colors was made; the skirt a demin train, with elevator attachment, and trimmed on the three back widths with a bias flounce with an inch hem at the bottom and a mouse silk fold inserted. Above this was another still narrower, finished with the same, and a narrow side plaiting of the silk formed the heading. The front was finished with broad bias revers of debsége, and these were surrounded with a shell trimming of debsége, bound with mouse. The blouse, a half tight, was square both back and front, and trimmed with revers of silk. An overskirt, long and full but slightly draped, was edged with a mouse ball fringe and bias band piped to match the skirt.

EVENING DRESSES

are given us in a new fashion of covering them, game-like silks with Brussels net, either black or white, or white guaze.

The most stylish one shown us was maize-colored silk, made a Princess, and covered with puffs and flowers of white guaze. At the back the guaze formed a posé overskirt, and was fastened with a long twining wreath of maize flowers. Flowers of the same hue should be woven at the corsage and in the hair.

Another was in pink silk, a deep shade, covered with black Brussels. The skirt was trimmed up the front with puffs of net, each one confined by pink daisies. The pink waist was low, with mere straps for sleeves; while the net formed a high waist, rounding from the waist to the back, where it fell in a deep, full overskirt, caught here and there with daisies, and a broad made wreath of daisies formed a sash to loop the overskirt.

FAVORITE SILKS

for the present season, are—one a new Indian silk, twilled, and in sweet shades of lilac, pearl-gray, and silver.

Also, the Foulards are given us in renewed attractiveness, and their price, combined with their durability, make them exceedingly popular.

JAPANESE SILKS

are by no means a durable silk; still, while new, form a very showy dress, and this season prettier than ever.

BUSTLE HATS

are creating a wild enthusiasm among both young and old.

Elderly ladies buy the black and white gipsy—trimming it up plainly with black velvet or brown ribbon. Young ladies trim with black velvet, plentifully sprinkled with white straw buttons or white daisies; while misses' hats are trimmed with a fancy straw band ending in heavy tassels at the back, and a bouquet of dried grasses at the left.

Not one of our sex will venture a tour this season without one of these attractive sun hats.

DRESS HATS

We find each day the fancy increases for the close cap-bonnet, by many called the baby crown. This is particularly attractive and cool in black, beaded lace, and the prettiest one in exhibition was trimmed with berries of the red holly, with green leaves, and a cluster at the back held in place a scarf which crossed under the hat on the neck, and, brought forward, fell in long cash ends, caught together at the breast with a bouquet of holly berries.

HANDKERCHIEFS

to be fashionable, must be *en robe*; and while it may seem out of the latest in gray when worn with a gray dress, and if the trimming is violet, alternate blue and violet and gray finish the edge.

Dark-blue handkerchiefs are used with a scant ruffle of white, buttonholed with blue and white in turn, with a ruffle of white finished in blue wheels of point lace.

THE FASHIONABLE GAME OF CHINNAKIE has just been brought to our notice. To lovers of croquet, chess, billiards—indeed, the many games known to kill time—this new lawn game will prove of inestimable value for killing time at the country resorts.

A NEW ATTACHMENT

for sewing machines, which possesses many advantages over all others, will be brought to your notice this week.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

OF THE FAMILY. The hair is worn high by those to whom it is becoming. Drooping curla, braids or hangings, are all adopted, and the fashion of the present hour is for each one to dress their hair to suit their own particular style of beauty.

MRS. MABEL J. You can purchase silk suits well made, reasonable prices. A pretty gray, red, and, trimmings with blue satin or twilled silk, from \$25 to \$30.

HATTIE S. Get the Scotch gingham, make garteries, and, while in the country, let them play in the dirt. It will neither hurt them nor their clothes. Have one or two Scotch plaids for cool days.

MR. JAMES. It would be an elegant birthday present for your wife. \$50 purchase a good gold watch at the present day. Chains anywhere from \$15 to \$300.

ALICE ETHEL.

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope! It will come to us "mid the darkness, and sing the sweet song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warms its sunniest note, and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been tearing away."

WHO BORROWED MADAME?

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

I had waited but a few minutes when she entered.

The tasteful cap surmounting the brown locks clustering in a pretty confusion of short curly about her forehead proclaimed her no longer young, though the fair blooming face and shapely form were far more suggestive of youth than of old age. Altogether, Madame Leroux was a lady of most attractive appearance.

She approached me with nervous haste, her eyes fixed on mine.

"I sent for—you are—" she faltered almost inaudibly, and then paused in a pitiful state of agitation, her slender fingers slowly interwining themselves, and her whole frame trembling.

"Detective Ashton," I responded, hastily, drawing forward a chair.

"She sank into it, and by a silent gesture invited me to be seated. Presently she murmured in a low quivering voice:

"Monsieur, I am in great distress—My——" and again paused, overcome by her emotions.

I waited a minute in expectant silence, and then said:

"A case of robbery, I understand, Madame. Permit me to ask whether your servants are entirely honest?"

"Entirely," she answered, brokenly. "They have served me for twenty years."

"And your pupils?"

"Not a shadow of suspicion may touch them."

"And the resident teachers?"

She gaped once or twice, and then contorted herself with a mighty effort, answered tremulously,

"Pardon my agitation: I am worn with trouble and anxiety," adding presently, in more even tones, "I will tell you about it, Monsieur. My school is, as you doubtless know from report, the best, and consequently, the most flourishing in the city. I take much money, and often keep large sums by me. This is my private business room, and in a corner I store my surplus funds."

"But that night I received another steaming cup. But it was received only. Consequently I was not found napping."

"Not at all, Monsieur," she answered, decidedly. "It is furnished with a secret receptacle. Discover it, if you can."

And rising, she led the way to the cabinet, and threw open the desk.

But I exhausted my wit to no purpose. Madame looked on in silence till I drew back and folded my arms. She then quietly asked:

"You would not suspect the fact I have stated?"

"If the secret compartment is here, most certainly not."

"It is here," she replied, briefly and emphatically, as she closed the desk.

We returned to our seats. I reflected a minute, and then asked:

"How many times have you been robbed?"

"Nightly, for the past week," she answered, excitedly. "A large amount was taken the first night, but since then only a few counterfeits which I deposited in hope of recovering the thief without assistance."

"Has any one under your roof a knowledge of the secret of the cabinet?" I inquired, after a little interval of silence.

"But one!" she cried, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands in an agony of distress. "But one! but one, alas!"

I again deliberated a moment, and then said firmly:

"Madame, I have not a doubt that I can, in time, clear up this matter without assistance, but it is no less certain that perfect candor on your part will greatly aid me."

It was some minutes before she could compose herself sufficiently to answer. When she did it was in heart-broken tones.

"You are right, Monsieur. I must tell you. My suspicions point to one who has for years been my all: namely, Mademoiselle Antoinette De Gray. Mademoiselle De Gray has been my protege since the death of her parents, which occurred while she was yet an infant. In her I have hitherto reposed the most unlimited confidence, now I am disturbed with doubts it is impossible to silence.

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I again deliberated a moment, and then said firmly:

"Madame, I have not had another good night, without the aid of drugs," she remarked, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, madame, a very good one," I replied; "but I first earned the right."

"Ah—" ejaculated madame again; but this time very tremulously. "Then you have—"

"Yes, madame," I answered, finding she could not finish the sentence. "And now will you kindly allow me to see Mademoiselle De Gray?"

"With what result?"

"She gazed at me with startled eyes for a moment, and then in proud almost scornful accents replied that I, above all others, should know whether she was capable of such a deed."

"And she is acquainted with the fact of your having secured my services?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur. I hoped it would frightened her into a full confession."

"Your servants?"

"They know nothing whatever. For Mademoiselle De Gray's sake I have kept these startling robberies a profound secret."

After a few minutes serious consideration I said:

"Madame, I will watch here nightly till the mystery is solved."

Madame shook her head despondingly.

"It is quite useless, Monsieur. I am no coward, and have already tried that plan, and, strange to say, my cabinet remained intact both times."

"Perhaps Mademoiselle De Gray suspected your intentions?" I replied. "This time we must guard against the possibility. And now, if you please, I will trouble you for a few more details. About what time do these robberies take place?"

"Always between midnight and daybreak. I seldom retire till twelve o'clock, and on the night of the first theft it was considerably later. I remember distinctly, for a singular coincidence Mademoiselle De Gray and I sat here discussing the possibility of the very event which occurred. The recent Madworth robbery had impressed us both deeply, and as we left the room I bade Mademoiselle lock the door."

"Did you lock the other?" I asked, indicating one I had noticed awhile before.

"That is only a store closet."

"It might secretly a burglar, however."

"Yes, Monsieur; but it did not. I was there a very few minutes before the notes were in her hand and counted, that it was no dream at all, but a most pleasant reality."

"Yes, Antoinette," she at last said, rising and casting the notes on the table, "every one of it is here. And to think of its being in the old box, Antoinette!"

"Alas! Monsieur, I have hidden my keys in vain."

After some further conversation I took my leave, promising to return about midnight.

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